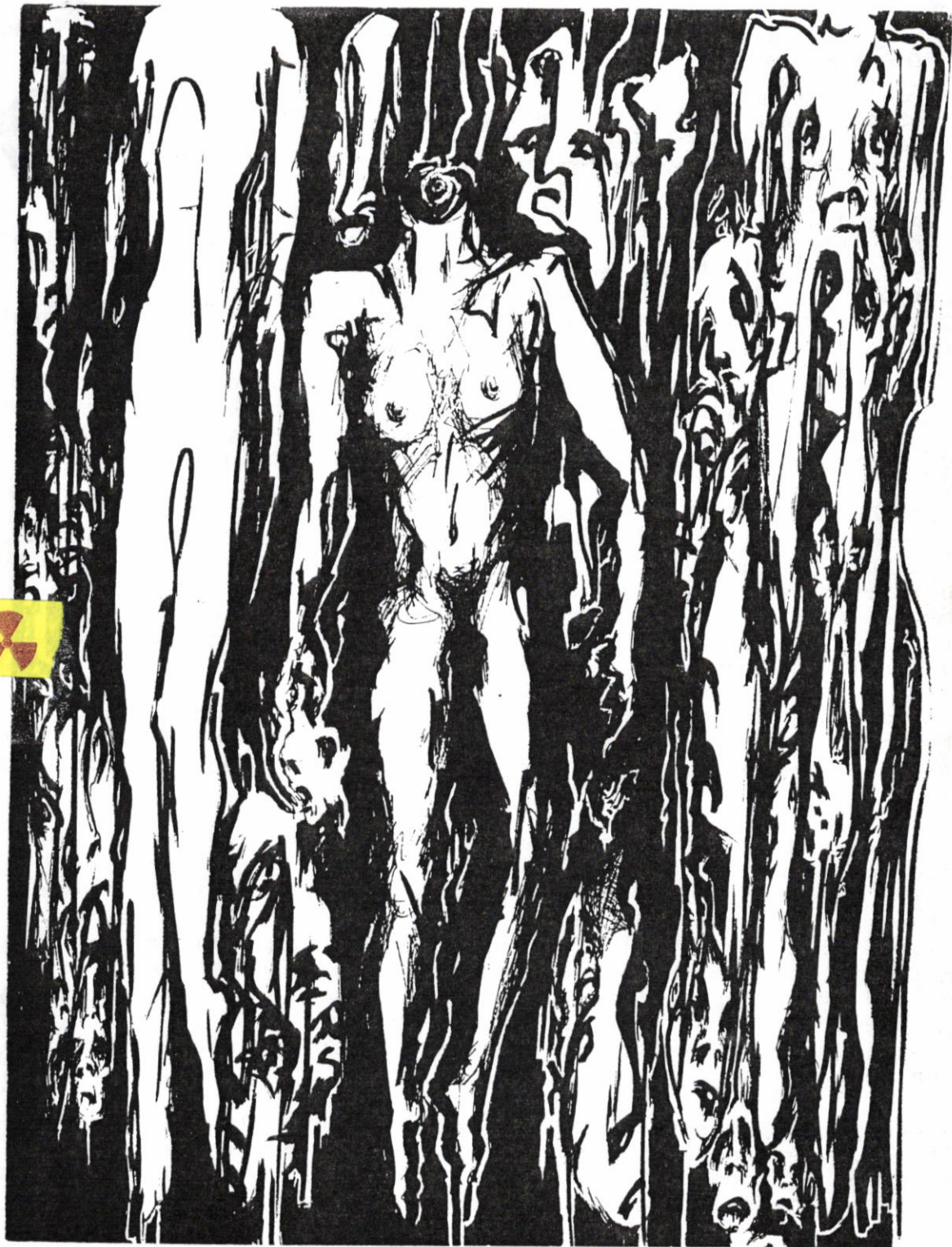




SAUCY #4 ★ PUNK ROCK ★ FEMINISM ★ RADIATION ★ FEBRUARY • 1998 ★ 320 York St., Cornwall ON, M6J 3Z3 • Resist Resist Resist

★ Feminism ★ Punk Rock ★ Radiation ★

Saucy

Reviews

Comics

Scary Art

Propagandhi

ARM YOUR MIND

Consumer Culture Poetry

More Nukes than you can
shake a stick at

ISSUE #4 ★ 3 dollars

Hello and Welcome to Saucy 4 February 1978

Lately I've been thinking of creative force as resistance, since it is so hard to live creatively within the machine. Every time I take an hour out to draw a picture, it seems I've fallen three hours behind in my homework.

In our school system imagination is restricted and gradually worn away through imposed structures such as time deadlines and grammatical guidelines. It seems like correct spelling is way more important than the ideas expressed when writing papers.

For children, the effort to stamp out imagination is more direct. My own permanent record states:

☐ behavioral problem... ☐ tends to fantasize - that judgement was passed when I was only four. For adults the effort is more insidious - you can't get away from it. In the real world you need to go to school or get a 'real' job, and in the leisure time that remains, the brain barely has time to warm up.

A proletarian robbed of imagination in public school makes a most efficient worker, plugging away at eight hour days unhindered by daydreams or like distractions. Citizens without imagination are unable to imagine a better future, let alone create one.

In Yevgeny Zamyatin's We, the last step in ensuring the permanence of the totalitarian regime was the surgical removal of imagination. Zamyatin wrote this in Russia on the eve of the Stalinist era. Today in the west, 20 years of school does what an operation did in We.

Fight To Create and Create to Fight. Don't let your mind die!!!

SMAGGIE

Rotwang's house

I wanted more people to hear Kim Fern's speech because it rings true for so many of us girls. Ask any girl if she's ever gotten to the point where she felt so intimidated that she wasn't sure if anything she had to say bore any worth at all and she'll surely admit she has. The right to speak freely and openly is a few and far in between occurrence for too many of us.



Early in childhood, society everywhere, makes these lies clear to women; that they are not good enough to fully participate in everyday activities, are never to be taken seriously whether undertaking physical or mental tasks, are never to expect equal respect, even when addressing the same issues as their male counterparts, are never to seek leadership positions...

In speech, I've often wondered why I must so easily be interrupted and disregarded while his words can not be spoken without my undivided attention. A crisis arises, I let my voice be heard and it is as soon, ignored. Is my lack of intelligence to blame?

It seems to me that my warnings, my spoken premonitions, my advice, my feelings and thoughts, are more often right than not. Let me put it this way, if I was to count how many "I told you so"s I hold over men's heads, I'd be here until next week. Yet, it makes absolutely no difference to most of them at all: All of us, were simply born lame, pathetic, never to be considered or credit stupid girls.

Kind of makes you wonder if a straightforward conversation between the sexes will ever be possible, if women might ever find something ~~something~~ to say that weighs of some importance in men's eyes.

And what I find saddest about it all, is the fact that this whole speech might yet, to some, be referred to simply as a page of girl bitching. But I assure you, this is not "bitching"--as a matter of fact, most things men refer to as "bitching" is not in reality "bitching" but instead simply talk. You call it "bitching" I call it repeating something again and again for the 60th time, over and over, hoping for some kind of response but instead always ending emptier and without slightest avail; I call it frustration and wanting to be heard; I call it a need to be acknowledged as a human being.

Surely, no woman would be out there senselessly repeating herself if anyone had listened the first time, but years later, no one one learns a thing and we're still here, yelling, asking ourselves why our mouths still refuse to carry any sound at all.



THE LAST WORD

Kim Fern hopped along on an all boys' band tour as an extra working hand in return for a drive across the country back to her home. As the weeks were rolling on, she started getting bothered by the fact that everybody else in the van's interactions and conversations were going on without her, though physically, she was right next to them. Cooped up in a hot van, being ignored and feeling everyday more alone and more small, she got herself to wondering, how much gender plays into the relationships we have with other people. A little later, before a show, she asked the guys if she could go up on stage and do some spoken word. With that permission, she quickly scribbled her speech and went up to speak. This is what she had to say:

Reprinted from FERN 'zine, P.O. box 2337, Berkeley, CA, 94702.

SPOKEN WORD - CLEVELAND - AUG 11-95

It's all about frustration. Looking around & feeling inadequate. Knowing that you're not even looked at as being important becu'z you're not only just a roadie, but a girl. Two strikes against you. It's about being asked which band member you're going out with, or even better, which one you're fucking in order to be on tour. Fuck that. This is hardcore. Welcome to it. Look around. Welcome to the world of boys. Try to be part but only being a slight minority. Welcome! Yeah right fucking welcome. Being on tour & playing with all boy bands: being on tour & watching the gender roles played out so perfectly it's like you're watching television. Yeah, I'm just a roadie. Yeah, I'm just a girl. I shouldn't be here. But here I am & I cringe at all these boy bands taking their

privilege so much for granted. I cringe at all the girls who are all dolled up following their boyfriends here. I cringe becu'z I hate it, becu'z I'm sick of it. I cringe becu'z I have to deal with huge macho asshole bouncers who could easily drag me into that alley & rape me if I got out of line. I cringe becu'z I know that half of these boys who think they're so fucking liberated are full of shit becu'z I've had intimate interactions with them & I know they're sexist. But welcome to the world of hardcore. Where record buying is more important than the words I speak, or even for that matter, the words any girl speaks. So welcome everyone. Take a good long look around & revel in how fucked up it is & stand there & pretend that everything's okay while I go outside & cringe at it all. Goodbye.



TABLE OF CONTENTS

Features

* Propagandhi Interview.....	9
* The Willie Nelson Wax Conspiracy.....	17
* Boycott shell.....	8

Comics

* Girl Spam.....	6
* Removing a Soul.....	15
* Toxic Dool Chix.....	48

Special Nuclear Section

* Atomic Fact sheet.....	30
* Under the Mushroom Cloud.....	33
* Your Money or Your Life.....	36
* Death Equals Silence.....	40

Reviews

The Last Word.....	49
By PASC.....	66

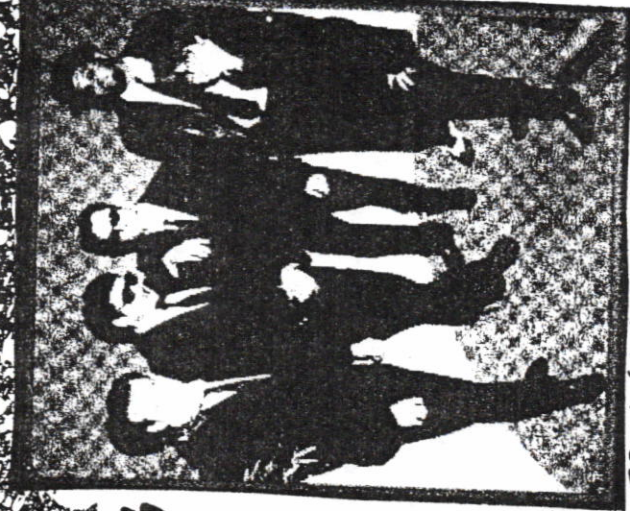


ROCK AND ROLL RECORDS

A-plenty are comin' my way from
360 TWIST. This label
is puttin out lots of garage-y
type stuff, sometimes with organs,
sometimes more punky, but ALWAYS
with that late 60's suit-wearin'
bad-ass feel to it. During the summer
Bridgitte and Hazard and I would drive
around feelin pretty bad ass when

FRIG A GO GO's "everythin around me"
played. This label is lots of FUN.
highlights = Girlie vocals of the HECTICS
and the VENETTAS and the bluesy-er
ELEMENT 79.

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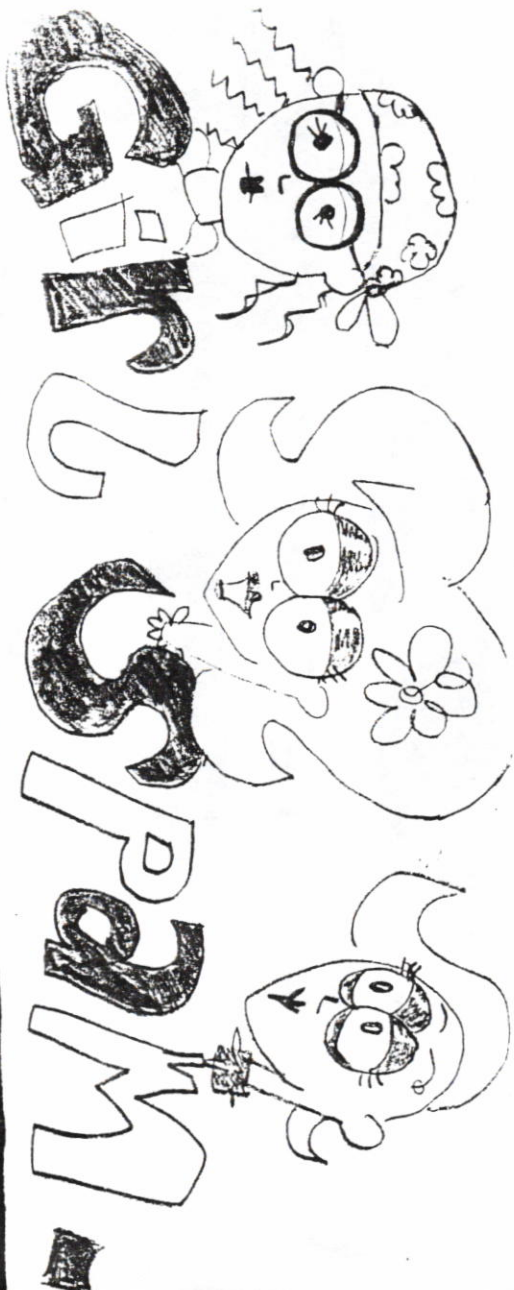
FRIG-A-GO-GO: don't they look bad-ass?

THE F WORD

A LOT OF MEN CRINGE WHEN I SAY THE WORD
"FEMINIST," AND A LOT OF FEMINIST THINKERS I KNOW,
BOTH MEN AND WOMEN, REFUSE TO CALL THEMSELVES
FEMINIST. I MYSELF OFTEN HAVE TO EXPLAIN, "I AM A
FEMINISM MEANS WORKING TOWARDS A SOCIETY WHERE
WOMEN ARE CONSIDERED SUPERIOR, WHERE WOMEN HOLD
THE POWER, IN OTHER WORDS, A MATRIARCHY.

WHEN I SAY "FUCK THE PATRIARCHY," I MEAN FUCK
THE SYSTEM THAT NOT ONLY TELLS WOMEN HOW TO BE, BUT
ALSO TELLS MEN HOW TO BE. WHAT FEMINISM REALLY
MEANS IS WORKING TOWARDS A SOCIETY WHERE MEN AND
WOMEN ARE CONSIDERED EQUAL. NOBODY SHOULD BE
CONSIDERED SUPERIOR AND EVERYBODY SHOULD HOLD THE
POWER; UNFORTUNATELY DUE TO DISCRIMINATION, AND
REVERSE-DISCRIMINATION, THIS IS NOT THE CASE.





RED ROCKET July co. this band is pappy, but not in a californian way. They are the sweetest. This is one of my break up records (shit - that probably came out wrong, but... who cares. It's good and if you're really emotional you might get heavy eyed.

EXCURSION RECORDS P.O. BOX 20224, Seattle WA 98102
UNIVERSAL ORDER OF ARMAGEDDON - DISCOGRAPHY. KILL ROCK STARS
 I see the invisible t-shirt, I see the invisible t-shirt, I see the invisible t-shirt - that's it - you know it's gonna rock you pretty hard blah blah blah ***** Robbie

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- 14--Interviews w/ dan clover, j church, Ian jeans, arlene fouries, sipili, kelli williams... more personal writing per mol. the slick 'quatre xpress' issue, junk for Elliot, 15--Interviews w/ Joe mace, Chris oliveros, cozzy myself, ha! and more about me me me (I just live) (gasp) \$1.50 (you!) a stalker's delight. on-on, price hike! (gasp) \$1.50 (you!)
- 16--INTRO PICTURE mini-comic by Patti Kim (againe!?) \$1.00
- 17--my first foray into mini-comicdom and I'm diggin' it. crudelias in 'crappy' not as in 'cutaneous' (gratifying by me, about me' a little thin but well worth it... \$1.00)
- 18--INSPECTOR 42--same mini-comic with a twist in da name/fread it to find out why the draving ability here has improved ten-fold and the shot stories are more structured. Check it out... \$1.50

THE BILLY CROSBYS/MONCH split 7"-indie pop sans drums from new jersey/toronto respectively. the j monch songs are from the long gone 'ropeburn' cass. (modet rockers/cheers. Cheapo-kate. PUNKY ROCKITY ALL STARS comp. (vinyl)-eclectic. chore. PLUS groov. down m', bleak, bartan roses, as above (cassette) \$5.00

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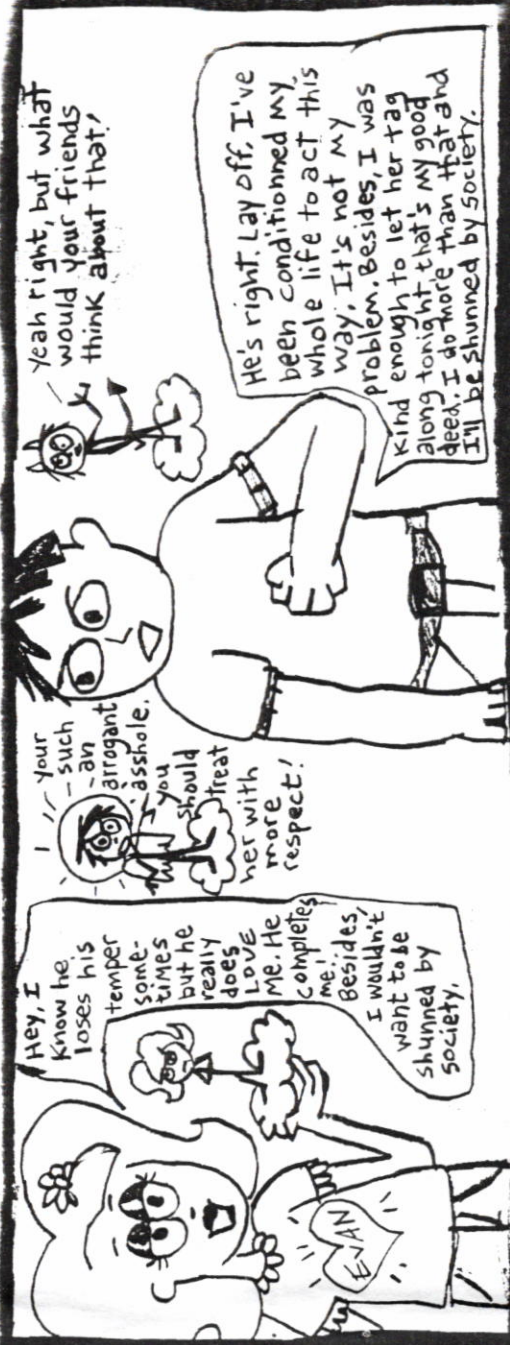
Volunteer-run space in Kensington Market
 d.i.y. records and zines welcome on consignment



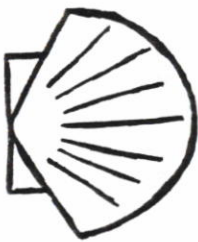
here's a doubleplusgood drawing:



The city of Cornwall



7



BOYCOTT SHELL



The following Ogoni activists were hanged by the Nigerian government on November 10, 1995:

- Saturday Dobe
- Baribor Bera
- Nordu Eawo
- Daniel Gbokoo
- Dr. Barinem Kiobel
- John Kpinuen
- Paul Lawura
- Felix Nuata
- Ken Saro-Wiwa

Write to Shell Canada + Shell International to raise your concerns.

Charles Wilson
President and CEO Shell Canada
Box 100, Station M
Calgary, AB
T2P 2H5

John Jennings
Chairman
Shell International Petroleum
Shell Centre
London SE1 7NA, UK

On November 10, 1995, Ken Saro-Wiwa and eight other environmental activists were murdered by hanging by the government of Nigeria. Saro-Wiwa, a winner of the Goldman Environmental Prize and a Nobel Peace Prize nominee, was a founder of the Movement for the Survival of the Ogoni People (MOSOP) which struggles non-violently to oppose the environmental degradation of the Ogoni homeland in the oil-rich Niger Delta region.

The Ogoni people number approximately 500,000 and occupy an area of just 404 square miles in the River State of Nigeria. The Ogoni homeland, part of the Nigerian coastal wetlands, has been described by Greenpeace International as "one of the most fragile ecosystems in the world".

Since 1958, the Royal Dutch Shell group has been operating in Ogoniland. According to the Wall Street Journal, Shell has extracted \$30 billion worth of oil since then. For the Ogoni, however, the cost has been irreparable environmental damage and human misery. As the Journal has written, "Even by Africa's harsh yardstick, the Ogoni remain desperately poor".

Shell's activities in Ogoniland includes open-air gas flaring; as Ken Saro-Wiwa himself has noted, "the company has been flaring some sites for 24 hours a day for more than 30 years".

Shell has also constructed a vast network of high-pressure above ground pipelines which crisscross over the land that the Ogoni once used for agriculture rendering it economically useless. As Greenpeace notes, "many pipelines also pass within metres of Ogoni homes".

Oil spills are a chronic problem in Ogoniland. According to an independent record of Shell's oil spills in Nigeria, from 1982-1992, 1,626,000 gallons were spilled from the company's Nigerian operations in 27 separate incidents. Of the total number of spills recorded from Shell, a company which operates in more than 100 countries- 40% were in Nigeria.

In response to the environmental crimes being committed by Shell and other multinationals, MOSOP was founded in 1990. In 1993, the year of Indigenous Peoples, a rally which attracted over 300,000 demonstrators was held in Ogoniland to protest Shell and their Nigerian government sponsors. The Ogoni are just one of many traditional peoples of the Nigerian Delta- including the Ogbia, Ibibio, Ijaw, Etche, Izon, Iri and Uzere- who are all threatened by the profit-driven needs of companies like Shell.

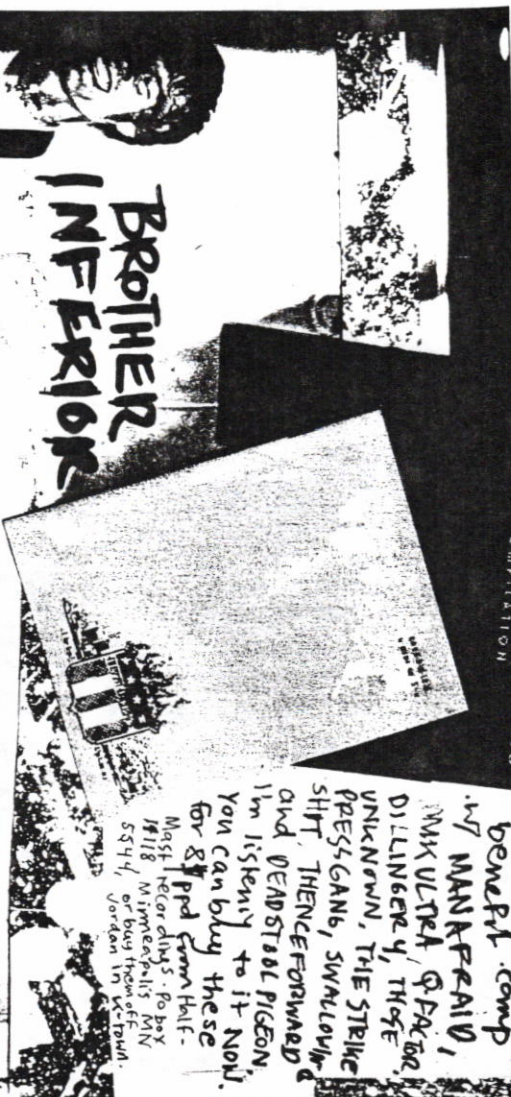
The Nigerian government, under pressure from Shell, has employed its military apparatus in brutal backlash against all dissent. According to the New Internationalist, "around 700 Ogoni have been extrajudicially executed in recent years". It has been estimated that about 1,800 Ogoni have been killed in total as a result of the military backlash. 80 people were shot dead and 495 homes destroyed during a peaceful protest against Shell in 1990. It was Shell that requested and received the "assistance" of the murderous Nigerian Mobile Police Force.

Ken Saro-Wiwa's recent killing is just one very visible and public manifestation of Nigeria and Shell's murderous policies against the indigenous people of the Niger Delta. Saro-Wiwa's execution was met by widespread international condemnation and outrage. Shell however, publically announced a new \$4 billion natural gas project in Nigeria mere days after Saro-Wiwa and his colleagues' death.

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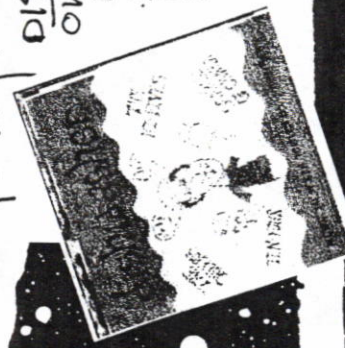
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broken pencil, PO Box 203, Stn P, Toronto, ON, Canada, M5S 2S7
www.interlog.com/halpen/ halpen@interlog.com

I'm listening to him bight how!
and his CD for 10\$ ppd from
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DAVE'S RECORDS OF GUELPH. P.O. box 24062 Bullfrog,
Guelph ON, N1E 6V9. WOW!

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headline was a tiny bit premature BUT
these next couple of thys are still
pretty rad: 7702 records: P.O. box 204 Reno NV 89504 USA !!

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of Chicks - it Rocks,
it makes you feel
happy and it's on
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KIDS GO WILD

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Propagandhi

KODAK 5052



Ottawa, December 6, 1996. interview by Pasc and Mags.

Yeah, it's old. But I've been busy, OK?

Pasc(P): In your songs, you address a lot of general problems in society. But if you had to pinpoint the biggest challenge facing Canada, from your end, what would it be?

Jord: I think, it's very very complex. What it stems from is not one major issue, it's a more general thing, it's a lack of concern for human and animal rights...

P: I meant this question from more of a Manitoban perspective. The big Ontario struggle, of course, is one with Harris, as opposed to B.C. where welfare reform and forest preservation are major issues. What's most important to you in your end?

Jord: Particular problems?

P: Yeah, 'cause we don't hear about them, and I wish we could see Canada as a bigger picture, rather than individual, isolated and ignored by one another, provinces.

Jord: To me, that's hard, because there are a lot of things that are going on and it's hard to put a certain weight of importance on it. Each major problems are contributing to each other and culminating and sometimes getting worse- sort of growing on each other. It's tough. There are economical issues like NAFTA and stuff like that...

Mags(M): Is it a conservative government in Manitoba?

Jord: Yeah, it's fucked. And that's basically what the Canadian government is, in my opinion. Behind the scenes, it's big business, it's gross. So the economical issues are tight, the deterioration of Health care, the deterioration of the educational system is just

11

KODAK 505 12

MUSIC

The Great Unraveling



Photo Credit: Laura Culverwell

Kill Rock Stars 120 NE State #418 Olympia Wa 98501 (360)-357-9732

Ok- the Great Unraveling are part of that whole Mags icon, BORN AGAINST, YOUNG PIONEERS (etc.) continuing, I don't know which bands share which members - but TGV are noisy and well worth your \$\$.

Aaron Riches

Ok- So you saw him and thought (??) 2 pages ago. He's a totally awesome folk singer

Philip K. DICK is

vivid colour photographs are included.

ABSOLUTELY ANYTHING by

totally totally awesome. He is my favorite author. Sometimes his books are hard to get into at first, but once you get a feel for his style you'll just eat them up. A good one to start with would be "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep" - it's the book BLADE RUNNER was based on. GOOD!!

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crazy- including primary, secondary and post secondary- it's all the way around, hospitals are closing down...We were in Sudbury last night, passing out these "save our hospitals" buttons-they're having problems there. And I think from the economical problems, symptoms of that are manifesting things like sexism, racism, homophobia. They're basically generated in our culture by wide disparity from the economy.

M: Are there any atomic waste dumps in Manitoba?

Jord: They're experimenting, talking about it at this town called Panawa, Manitoba. I think, there might be some U.S. involvement. I've heard there is some business, looking into storing. They're getting some tests and waiting to see if they can get in.

M: My topic for this zine is nuclear energy.

Jord: Yeah, that's a good topic. It's something I think people tend to lose sight of. There's that nuclear cold war threat and they're still producing. Maybe they're dropping rates but...

P: We were just talking about how they'll dump nuclear waste really close to towns and villages and they won't tell people. Either that, or the government will actually make it a necessity for the people to say it's all right, under the threat that they'll cut social programs or worse...

M: Yeah, like in Deep River.

Jord: Jobs. Jobs. Jobs. It's a job.

P: Yeah, and never can we stop and reflect about the health dangers and everything else that's involved.

Jord: Did you hear about that Russian satellite or whatever that was carrying plutonium and came down? I heard about this on a Jello Biafra spoken word tape years ago and now I'm thinking, how many of these have blown up since then? We don't even know. Who knows?

M: Well, there's so much shit floating up there. There's a satellite in a mountain in India and if there were to be an avalanche-because it has plutonium in it and it was supposed to be launched but it failed- and if there ever is an avalanche on this mountain, the plutonium will fall into this major river- it's this holy river where people go and bathe themselves every spring. Everyone involved in this holy ritual would then have plutonium on them.

Jord: The world's in bad shape.

P: And the worst stuff still manages to stay out of the papers-or at least, the more mainstream ones. Where do you get the most of your information? What are your favourite political magazines?

Jord: Well, I can think of two good ones. One that focuses a lot on Canadian issues is Canadian Dimensions (CD-PO Box 1138 STN MAIN, WINNIPEG MB R3C 9Z9) and I believe it is pretty reasonable in price. You can get subscriptions for real cheap and it's really good. And then, a good one for the states is Z magazine (Z magazine, 18 Millfield St., Woods Hole, MA 02543-9900). For literature, three good book publishers/distributors are AK Press (PO Box 40682, San Francisco, CA 94140-0682), Black Rose (C.P. 1258, Succ. Place Du Parc, Montreal, QUE H2W 2R3) and South End Press. I also think all three send their catalogs for free.



PRUDENCE: Prudence and her zine are so wonderful! Prudence travels, writes, and lives a utopian life in this mystical (to me anyways) prairie community. Send \$# to PRUDENCE, P.O. Box 2295 Winnipeg MB, R3C 4A6.

TREEFORT: I haven't seen her zine yet, but I saw Melissa Wheeler perform, and she was a totally beautiful voice. Write for her zine at: 861 Bonaventure cresnt., Kingston ON, K7P 1P6

TARA'S PROJECT: Tara is the coolest. I usually don't like poems, but I really dig hers. She's going to put out a poetry zine soon. her email is: 7ta@qlink.queensh.ca - I don't know her mailing address, but you can write her (or me! Our poem appear in this zine somewhere).

BOOKS: TRACKING THE VANISHING FROGS by Kathryn Phillips. is an excellent read. She explores many possible reasons for the rapid disappearance of frogs today, and

Good Good Things

by Maggie

Instead of reviewing a bunch of crap I've decided to just focus on a couple of positive things here...

ZINES: ULTRA VISTA: my friend Robbie does this great personal (personal = political) zine. Robbie + Ultra Vista = 2 good good things. send 2\$ (I think) to 905 Laflin Ave., Cornwall ON, K6J 5J1 Canada (he lives in Ottawa but moves sometimes)



SELF PORTRAIT

The man in my kitchen who is he?

I don't know him

Where is he?

Who is he?

a beard which hides

his cleft chin

I'm assuming

my chin

who else?

do you remember what

he looked like,

mother?

did you ever take

a picture

for me?

I should have

asked him

if only I could

have strong

two words

together

you carried the

weight of the

world in your

shoulders mother,

how did you have to?

glasses and a beard

I try to remember

but can't



M: The audience often yells and says stupid things that at all your shows? . Do you get

Chris: Usually, when we notice it, it's because someone's being hostile. That's when we respond

P: So, generally, you just let people have fun unless it gets out of hand.

Chris: Yeah, I guess so. But even if people are yelling, "Come on, shut up and play".

Sometimes, it's annoying and frustrating but it's also not unusual for people to act that way. That's how many kids are conditioned to react. Either they're conditioned by MTV, conditioned in school or whatever. But if people want to come to rock and dance around, ultimately, having fun is all part of it. The ultimate goal of challenging authority and questioning things is pretty well just to have fun. We don't want an unfun world but it's

hard to find a balance sometimes. Larger crowds, some people want to go at it hard, some want to just watch or listen and you don't want to marginalize people just because they're not behaving how you want them to behave. Ideally, you'd like a crowd who's having fun and responding and feeding back but it doesn't always happen. Like one show we played in Europe. We played this political retreat weekend at this big squat in Berlin and there were all these political leftists, radicals and anarchists that were there for the whole weekend doing all these work shops and we played on Sunday night and we were basically, the entertainment for the weekend and everyone was dancing and drinking and making us play songs and it was so fun. It's a problem with activism, I think, when it gets so boring and repetitive. There are actually some groups like the ARA that are trying to use more fun methods to attract people.

P: Okay, well it's getting late so we're going to let you guys go but thanks a lot for the show and your time. We had a really neat night. Thanks.



Reviews

By Jon Hill

Bonaduces. "K IS FOR CATHERINE" (C.D.) Endearing Records

When I listen to this cd I want to bounce sing and dance. The Bonaduces are the most energetic nicest bunch of guys I have ever seen. This is pop-punk that will blow your mind out of the water. Yet another great band from Winnipeg, they sing about cats, Judy Blume and Androids. "You're so lame when you're drunk" is one of those terrific songs that will help cheer you up on even the dreiest day!

Weakerthans. "FALLOW" (C.D./L.P.) \$13.00/11.00 from G-7 Records

This release proves what a great songwriter John K. Samson is. This is definitely my favorite record of the year. The lyrics are personal and music is beautifully easy to listen to and will warm your heart. It's 39 minutes of sweet melancholic bliss for the whole family. "Confessions of a Futon Revolutionary" is a fabulous song. Two of John's best Propagandhi tunes, "Letter of Resignation" and "Anchorless" are also redone with fellow Weakerthans Jason Tait (drums) and the John Sutton on bass. I hear they are making a music video for this

record. Yaah!

Painted Thin. "STILL THEY DIE OF HEARTBREAK" (C.D.)

you ARE BEAUTIFUL AND POWERFUL

Endearing Records

This is a really short (about 18 minutes) but incredible C.D. Painted Thin are melodic, catchy, and really fun to listen to. How can you not love a band with a logo of a heart with a fist reaching out behind the words "You are beautiful and powerful". They come from Winnipeg and even do a cover version of a John K. Samson (former bassist in Propagandhi) song "A Story you have heard before". They have really unique vocals and extremely intelligent lyrics on homophobia and feminism which should be heard. I hope they tour Ontario soon.



Electric Velcro. "LOOPEP PATTERNS FOR THE OPEN-MINDED" (Demo)

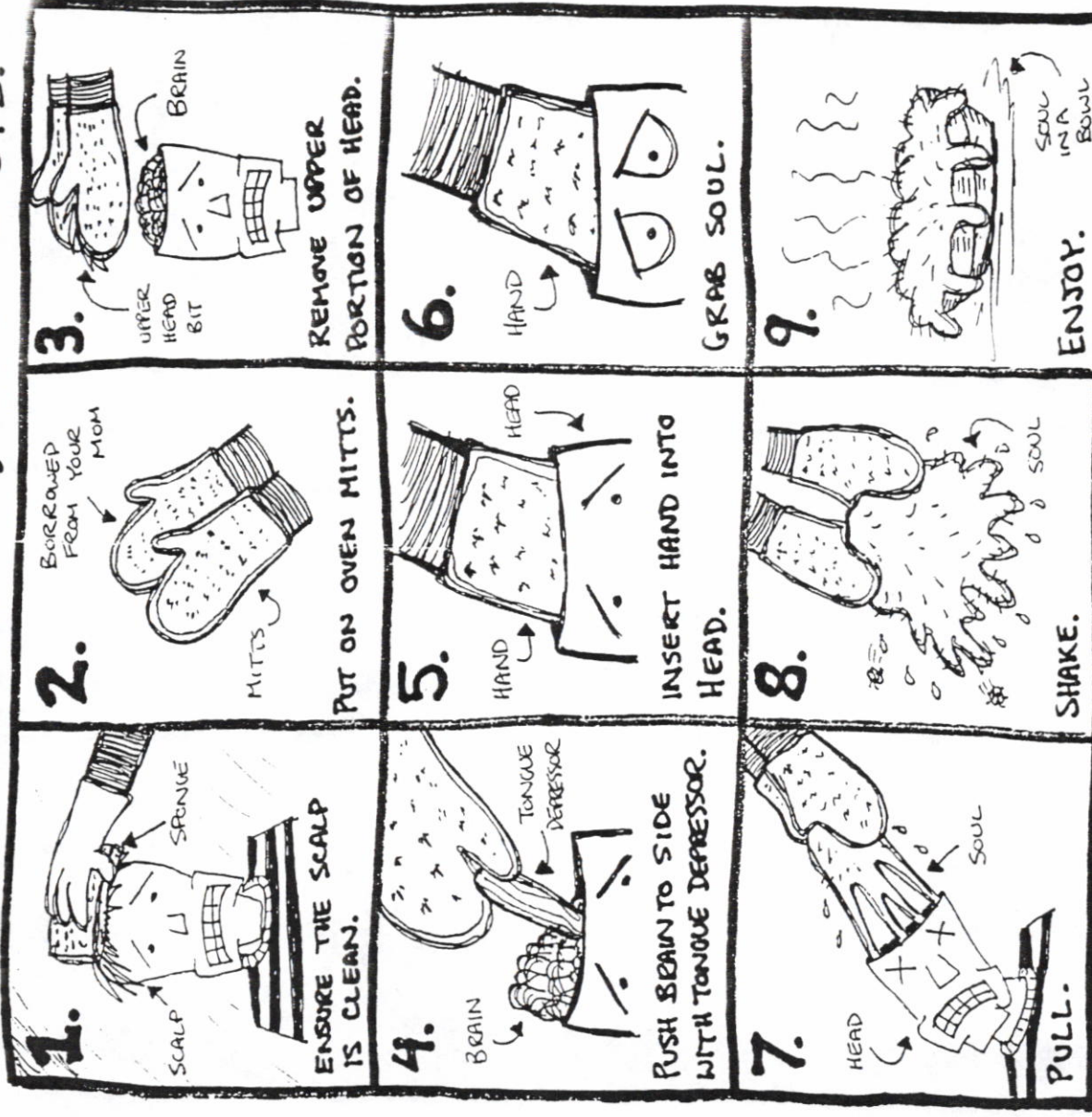
This is it right here, this is the stupe. If you like D.J. Shadow, Aphex Twin, Prodigy, you'll freak out when you hear this. You'll be dancing and banging your head at the same time. Jon's bass lines are killer and Murray's guitar parts are amazing. I've been listening to this tape non stop for months now and i'm still surprised about how good it is. I can't wait to hear them live but I think they'll be putting out something soon. You can write Saucy if you want a copy their tape.

I think Jon is pretty swell. I also think he's putting a little together... you can write him so Saucy or M's

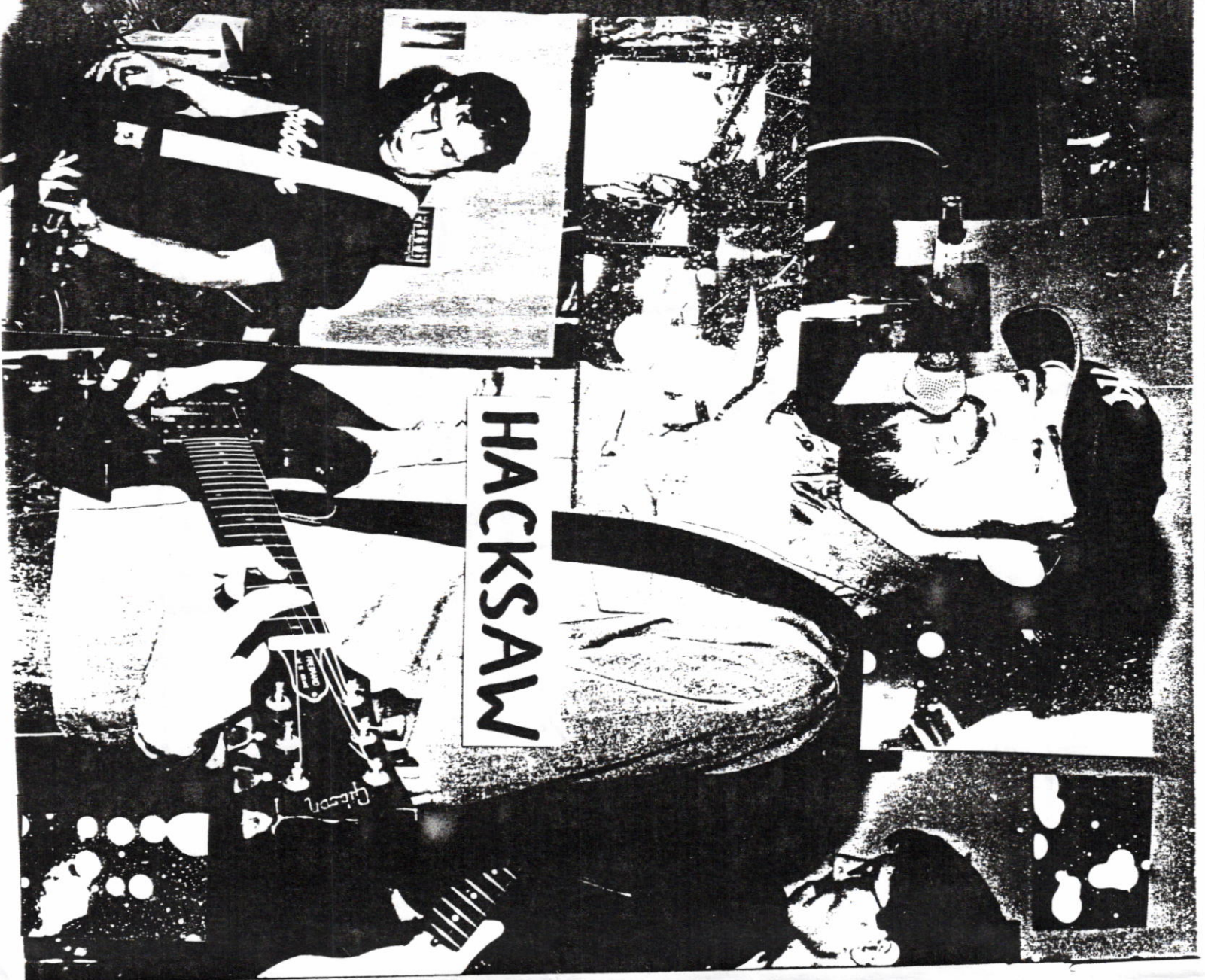
Aaron Riches



REMOVING A SOUL IN 9 EASY STEPS.



1976 Wiggie



MEN O' STEEL- Can I have a piece?

(2112)
Some songs are fat others are really melodic poppy punk which makes for an okay overall effort but it lacks too many hooks. This is their first record, I suspect, so maybe they'll have it down by the next one.

ONE GOOD EYE-Let go my E.G.O.

(One Foot)
Melodic punk à la My pal trigger. It's a 14 song long player but it feels like a demo in the way it sounds; you hear it but it doesn't really go any where. I've put this in again and again to try and form some kind of opinion about it but I can't; they need feeling to their music.

PULLEY- Esteem Driven Engine

(Epitaph)
I'd recommend this CD to a Bad Religion fan; the lyrics are not half as impressive as Greg Graffin's but musically this band fits. Carry it around in your car.

PUNKTURE- Fish and chips cover

(One Foot)
Three kids playing some pretty cool skate punk ditties. I'd think this pretty cute if it wasn't for their christian god and satan songs; that kind of stuff tends to scare me, as well as a lot of other people I'm sure, away.

QUEERS- Don't Back Down

(Lookout)
What can I say. I've never disliked a Queens record, so why start now. This is more of their regular stuff and I'm not worried about the tamer slower songs because I know they'll speed them up 25 times faster when they play them live. After all, that's the only reason to buy a Queens album, so you can sing along to every song at their shows. I do. Joe extended his hand to shake mine at the last show I saw him on March 3rd, and as much as this is gonna make me sound like a freak, I didn't want to wash my hand for a week. I know, I know, I'm dumb but let's face it, sometimes that fanatic band psycho inside of us all must come out and enjoy itself a bit. Next time I'm kissing him. Ha, ha.

REOSTATICS-The blue hysteria

(Raise a little elf)
This is somewhat of a neat sound experience. Wavy oddlike indie rock, unpredictable and dreamy. I'd recommend it listened to at night because it's so long that it feels like it never ends, you may just not make it through it all.

SLOW TO BURN

RECORDS

P.O. Box 8586, Victoria B.C. Canada V8W 5R9

FIVE BY NINE- Recognize

(One Foot)

Almost a cross between Pennywise and Good Riddance. I can't complain.

FURNACEFACE- Unsafe a any speed

(Cargo)

Their sense of humour is still present but they aren't as funny as before. Yet, if you liked them before, you should still be able to enjoy this. It's a lot cleaner and thought out too which will make radio play probable.

HORACE PINKER-Burn the temple to the ground

(One Foot)

There's a great young feeling about this record that I really like. Simple life experience songs brought to life by talented skate punk musicians.



LATEX GENERATION-360°

(One Foot)

If I just happened to walk by some place that was playing this CD, I'd probably think it was okay. Unfortunately I was given words and pictures to go along with the listening experience. Most of the lyrics are really lame, many of the songs ending without even knowing what the hell they're talking about and inside the CD booklet also are the guys' faces plastered about a thousand times. I don't think I can get beyond the idea that I can only see this band as cocky pretty boy bastards. Sorry.

LOS CRUDOS/SPITBOY- Split

(Ebullition)

Two influential political bands in a joint venture that couldn't be more perfect. A beautiful raw etched cardboard packaging and a booklet that is sure to catch your undivided attention; everyone should own one of these. Kent's really outdone himself on this one.

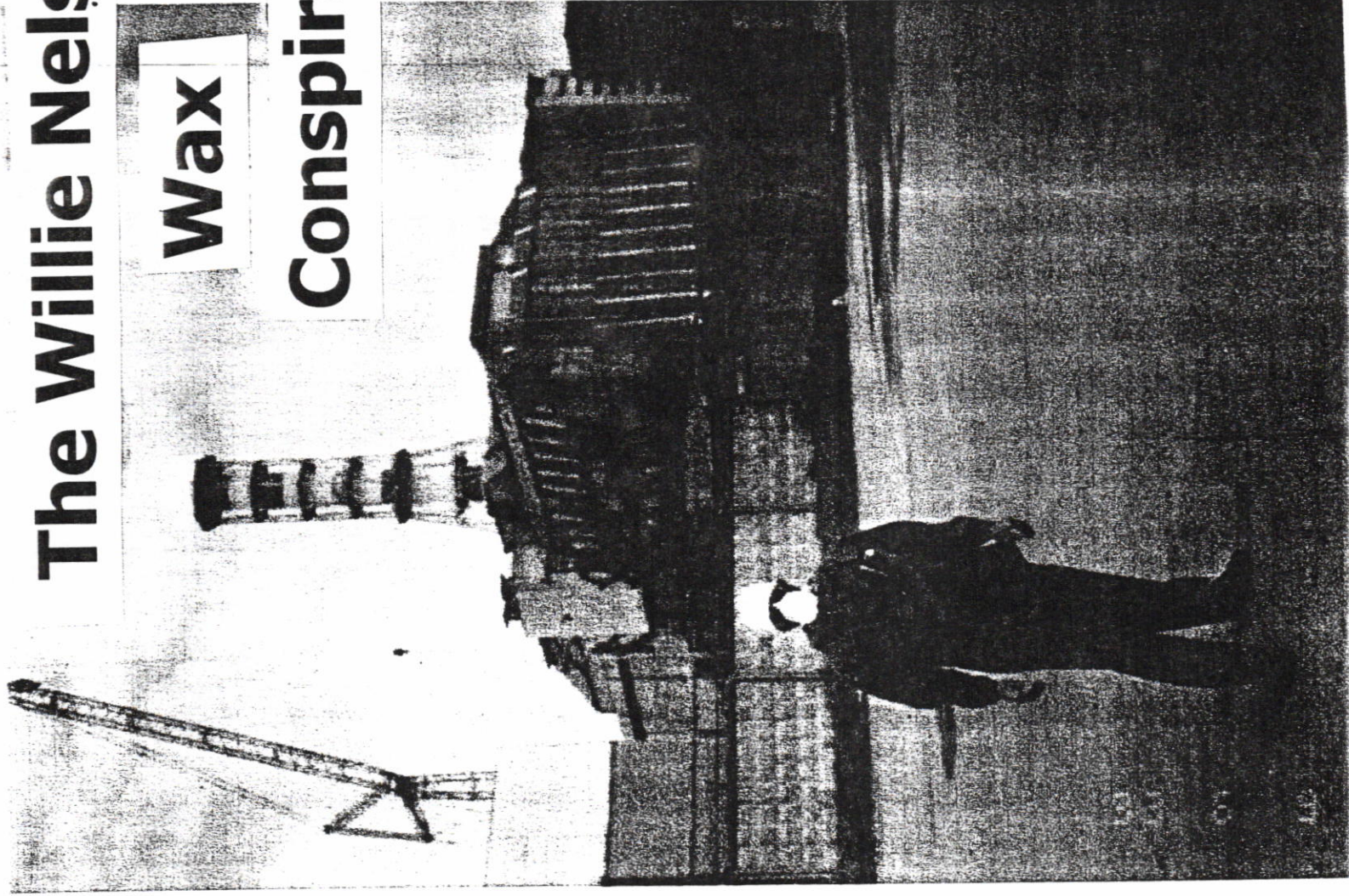
MARILYN'S VITAMINS- In these shoes

(Raw Energy Records)

As terrible as this is to do, I'm gonna have to compare these kids to Weasel! Not all the tracks are up to Ben's standards, some are more on the Satanic Surfers' side of things, but all of it is none the less impressive. Great stuff.

Willie Nelson standing outside the damaged reactor 6/9/93

interview conducted November 1992



On April 26th, 1986 a nuclear meltdown occurred at the V.I. Lenin nuclear power station in Chernobyl, Ukraine

The Willie Nelson Wax Conspiracy

Willie Nelson, of Perth Ontario, is one of few Canadians to have visited the site of the Chernobyl nuclear disaster. He is a self-taught scientist who believes in the power of wax. I was lucky enough to meet him in November, 1996, when a friend of a friend took me to his lab.

When I was younger, I kept at least two clippings about Willie and his Chernobyl trips, but I knew very little about him. I had always imagined he was a middle-aged corporate chemist with a Ph.D in radiophobia. In reality, only the part bout radiophobia was true. When he opened the door to his little lab, tucked away in a nondescript warehouse, all my theories were blown. The man was eccentric. I was not allowed to use my camera or tape recorder, so I tried to memorize everything in detail. Willie is a tall, thin (skeletal, even) man with a gray beard. He talks with his hands, grabbing this or that picture for proof, right when the tale gets too tall. His blue eyes blaze as he points to three armed children, waving a ball of wax. The ball of wax contains a chunk of plutonium.

"Don't believe me? Try this!" and he thrusts his geiger counter at me. I have never seen such a beautiful piece of equipment. I want one. I hold the wax in my hand, and I remember all those times in chem, fighting the urge to drink the deadly Barium sulfate. The geiger counter clicks like a shower of beads. The thing is hot. It is Plutonium. And now I will believe anything he says.

Willie's talk is much like a sermon. Looking back, I remember we had to call at least three women to find him, he could have been with any one of them, and if not with them, off in Ukraine, tickling the dragon's tail. How many deadly doses has he survived now? Willie is the modern day Rasputin: a living, breathing incarnation of the long dead legend.

Willie's sermon is not so much about radiation, but the power of wax. Originally an artist, Willie has spent a lot of time making candles. His particular type of wax has some exceptional properties: when combined with crude oil, it forms a solid. In the early 70's, Willie was asked to use his wax in the cleanup of an oil spill in Passage Island, British Columbia.

Willie's wax can mean the difference between life and death for animals caught in a slick. The common practice for saving animals involves heavy scrubbing, and the use of detergents which also destroy the protective secretions of skin and fur. Stripped of their natural oils, a duck's feathers are not waterproof, and the duck will drown. Willie's wax solution only bonds to crude oil, not the oils produced by living tissue. So, after an oil spill, ducks and other animals treated with Willie's wax have a better chance of surviving than those treated with the traditional method.

Willie's wax also works in cleaning up the slick itself. Willie has

SLIMWAKER- Mouse Ear, Forget-me-not
(Trouble man Unlimited)

It's the last one and I'm upset, so I'll keep it short, just get it.

SMILING' UTTERS- A juvenile product of the Working Class
(Fat Wreck Chords)

Since I received this, it hasn't moved very far from my CD player. I really really love this, I can't get enough. It sounds like the Pogues gone punk. (and lets face it, the Pogues are pretty punk to start with, in my book) This is definately not a waste of money, you have my personal guaranty!!

TEEN IDLES- complete
(Dischord)

Re-issuing old stuff like crazy, Dischord has been in the last little while. I'm not complaining though, they're all classics, this one especially. Makes a swell gift for the whole family.

VENUS CURES ALL- S/T
(Whiskey Records)

This is a really nice recording. The vocals come out really clear and crisp-like over the, at times, noisy background. Pleasing to the ears it is.

Worm King vs Hygiene Squad- 1234
(Aural Borealis- 64 Robinson St., Toronto, M6J 1L5)

Indie rock in a kind of Pavement way. There's a mix of good and not so good on here. It's alright, I guess.

WORMS CASE SCENARIO- S/T
(Verniform)

This is a really really great record, even with Justin Trosper aside. Fantastic mind blowing aggressive emo. Beautiful.

WORKED GENERATION- Compilation
(Epitaph)

this thing's an enhanced CD compatible with Macintosh systems 7.1.2 through 7.5.1 and on Windows 3.1-95. As far as music goes, it's a mix of poppy punk and rap with the best efforts going out to Pennywise and NOFX especially.

EMILY'S SASSY LINE- 7"
(Kill Rock Stars)

Funky trashy girl stuff. Make sure to play it loud to annoy the neighbours.

GOAT BOX- Struggle for power 7"
(Dead Beat Records)

One of the best bands off the Slow To Burn label in my opinion. Great sound and powerful political lyrics, they deserve a lot of attention.

GOODBYE, BLUE MONDAY- Across Five Aprils 7"
(Spectra Sonic Sound)

If you really want to experience this band, go see them live. I really enjoyed the show. This 7" doesn't really do them justice but it'll give you an idea of their sound.

Hickey/Ruckface- Split 7"
(Drug Racer)

Two great bands together, you can't beat that. The Hickey side's too short though; guess I'll have to fill that gap with their full length. I don't have it yet, so I'll have to fill you in on that next issue.

MAN OR ASTROWMAN?- UFOs and the men who fly them
(Drug Racer)

Music to fly your own M.O.A. flying saucer to. Ha, ha, Maggie, I have a spaceship and you don't!! It's probably the coolest record sleeve I've ever laid eyes on in my life; follow the instructions and in ten minutes you've got your own authentic flying disk.

RESIN SCRAPER- Heard Mentality

(Mag Wheel Records)
New Bomb Turks-ish punk rock at it's best, you know you love 'em. These rocks so hard that it hurts. I'd recommend you get two before it sinks into obscurity like their vinyl did. If you've got a record, I want it, I'll be your best friend forever, I swear. Everything these guys touch, kicks ass!! Don't delay.

RUTH RUTH- The little Death

(Epitaph)
This sounds more Alias than Epitaph. It's a very melodic punk, almost Archers of Loaf in quality. It's not bad.

SCREEDING WEASEL- Bark Like a Dog

(Fat Wreck Chords)
If you're anything like me, you probably cried a great deal when these these kidz broke up, I'm still not over it, despite their come back, I know their capable of pulling the same shit again too, so I refuse to forgive them until they come up and tour Canada; it's the only way I'll be able to sleep at night again. T'll they mend my sore broken heart, no reviews for them. So there.

LES SÉCRÉTAIRES VOLANTES- Thermoplastique

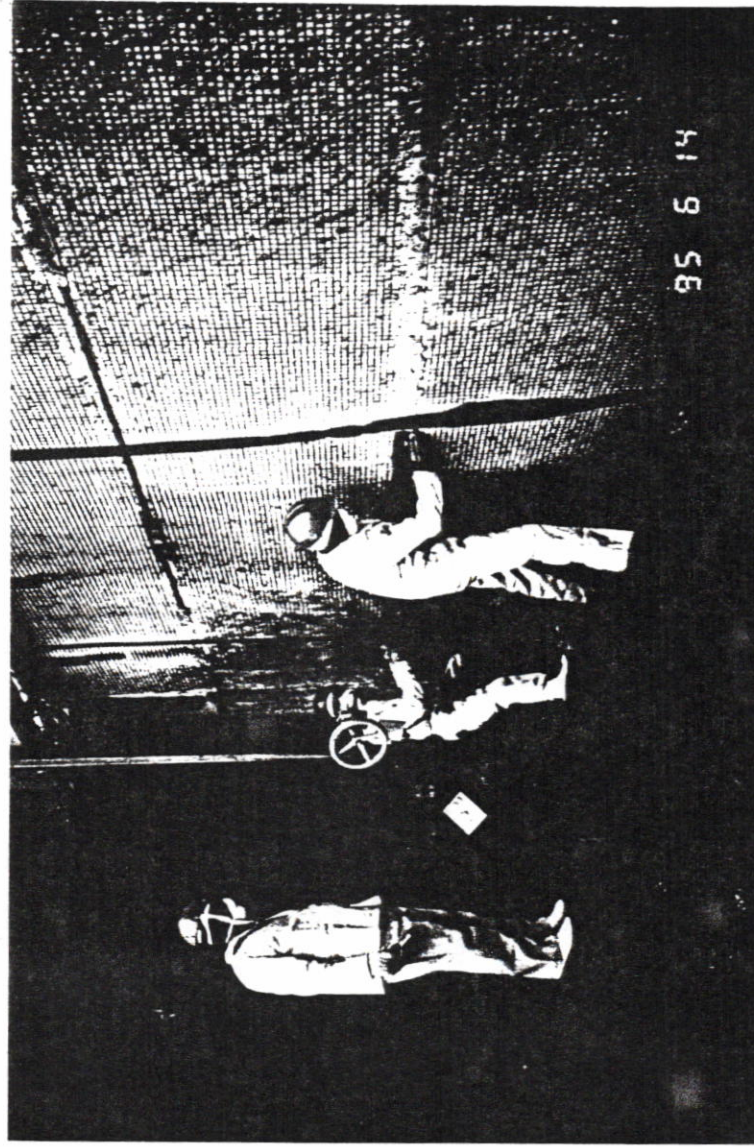
(Tir Groupé)
I heard that a New Bomb Turk helped out with this project; it shows. This is so cool. I can't stress enough, how much you should go out and pick this up. I love it, it's crazy.

appeared on CBC TV several times to demonstrate his technique. In one demo he poured crude oil in a tub of water, then sprayed the oil with his wax. After a few seconds, Willie was able to roll the now-solid crude up like a blanket, leaving the tub of water clean. In another demo, he poured crude in a bowl, added powdered wax, filtered out the solid, then drank the contents of the bowl. The reporter (was it Peter Mansbridge?) was a little bit nervous. "Willie- I wouldn't do that if I were you- C'mon now- Willie-"

So, if this marvelous trick exists, why are oil slicks still such a huge problem? Why isn't wax in use to stop their spread? Willie says "it would put too many environmentalists out of work." He complains that Greenpeace only go around asking for money and staging publicity stunts, they don't invest in actual solutions. Willie's technique would also put a number of company scientists out of work.

Despite the spell he has cast upon me, I wonder if this explanation is adequate. Before I work up the nerve to challenge him, or ask him to expand, he brings his sermon back to Chernobyl.

Swingin' Utters
A product of the
JUVENILE WORKING CLASSES
FAT WRECK CHORDS P.O. BOX 193690 SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94119-3690



Ukrainian Scientists examining huge cracks in the 'sarcophagus': the hastily built containment structure meant to stop radiation leakage.

95 6 14

"Chernobyl is the cancer of the Earth," Willie exclaims, reaching for a laminated diagram. The diagram was a blueprint of the damaged reactor, with the sarcophagus intact. In concentric circles, various shades of red cover the blueprint. He points to the damaged core. A thick metal disc lies propped up by debris. "See this?" This is the lid, the 1000 tonne lid. It's being held up by rusting metal pipes." He points to the photograph of four children lacking hands. "This isn't just something that happens in a far-off land. When the lid caves in, *and it will cave in*, the floor will collapse."

In the weeks following the accident a network of tunnels were dug beneath the reactor to install a cooling system. This essential network cannot withstand an impact of 1000 tonnes; the sleeping beast will reawaken. The adjacent dam thrown up to protect the Prypiat marshes, the Kiev reservoir, and the Dnieper, will collapse. There may be immediate casualties among the men and women working in units 1, 2, and 3, as the collapse of the neighbouring structure shakes the other Chernobyl reactors. Contamination will spread again. "The slow poison of radiation will spread further than before. We'll see it in future generations."

Nelson believes that his wax technology can be used to prevent further tragedy at Chernobyl. By spraying wax throughout the sarcophagus, Willie will protect the metal support structure from the elements which cause rust. If the metal remains intact, and does not rust, the lid will not collapse. The wax will also permanently seal the radioactive dust inside the sarcophagus, and prevent radio nuclides from escaping into the environment. Nelson also advocates sealing poisoned soil with weatherproof wax, and covering it with a layer of safe topsoil. The atomic physicist, Sir James Chadwick, said of radioactivity "A neutron of a few Mev energy [unit of radiation] can penetrate many feet of lead but only a few inches of water or paraffin or similar hydrogenous substances." It sounds like Nelson's wax could act as an effective, waterproof barrier against radiation.

Ukrainian scientists express great interest in Nelson's work; however, bureaucracy interfered with demonstrations Willie was to perform during his last visit.

"When I entered the Ukraine they let *me* through. But they held my equipment." Nelson explains the workings of the new system; "everyone knows the mafia's in control there, but who controls the mafia? The KGB [now renamed the FSB]."

-AL's REVIEWS-

Hey Dudes, you know the drill: Send all yer records, CDs, tapes, adds and personal belongings to me, Al, at 5553 181A Street, Surrey, BC, V3S 7Z2, Canaduh.

ASTREAM - Woodfish

(Bad Taste)
If you'd like to get out of the American pop punk rut and explore a little of what's going on elsewhere within that same type of music, Sweden's a good place to look to: Both Burning Heart Records and Bad Taste Records are releasing some pretty decent stuff...From Bad Taste's selection of bands Astream's not the best, I'd start with something else.

ALL YOU CAN EAT - Un Oeuf

(One Foot)
You can't mistake these guys for any other band, I think that's why I appreciate them so much. The vocalist blurts everything out really nonchalantly and the instruments at times are being strummed so quickly that they descend into sloppiness; but it's all part of the fun. These kids are crazy cool in my book. In conclusion, dunkin' Donuts, Parlez vous français? Oui. Bin. Wayons donc. Bouillons cubes.

BANLIEU ROUGE - Sous un ciel écarlate

(Tir Groupé)
At times this feels like a metal record but the majority is actually H/C. With their dark and sombre political lyrics about the sad, violent and unjust state of our world, it would be cool to see them live with a Neurosis type backdrop playing crazy film scenes and twisted images.

DESCENDENTS - Everything sucks

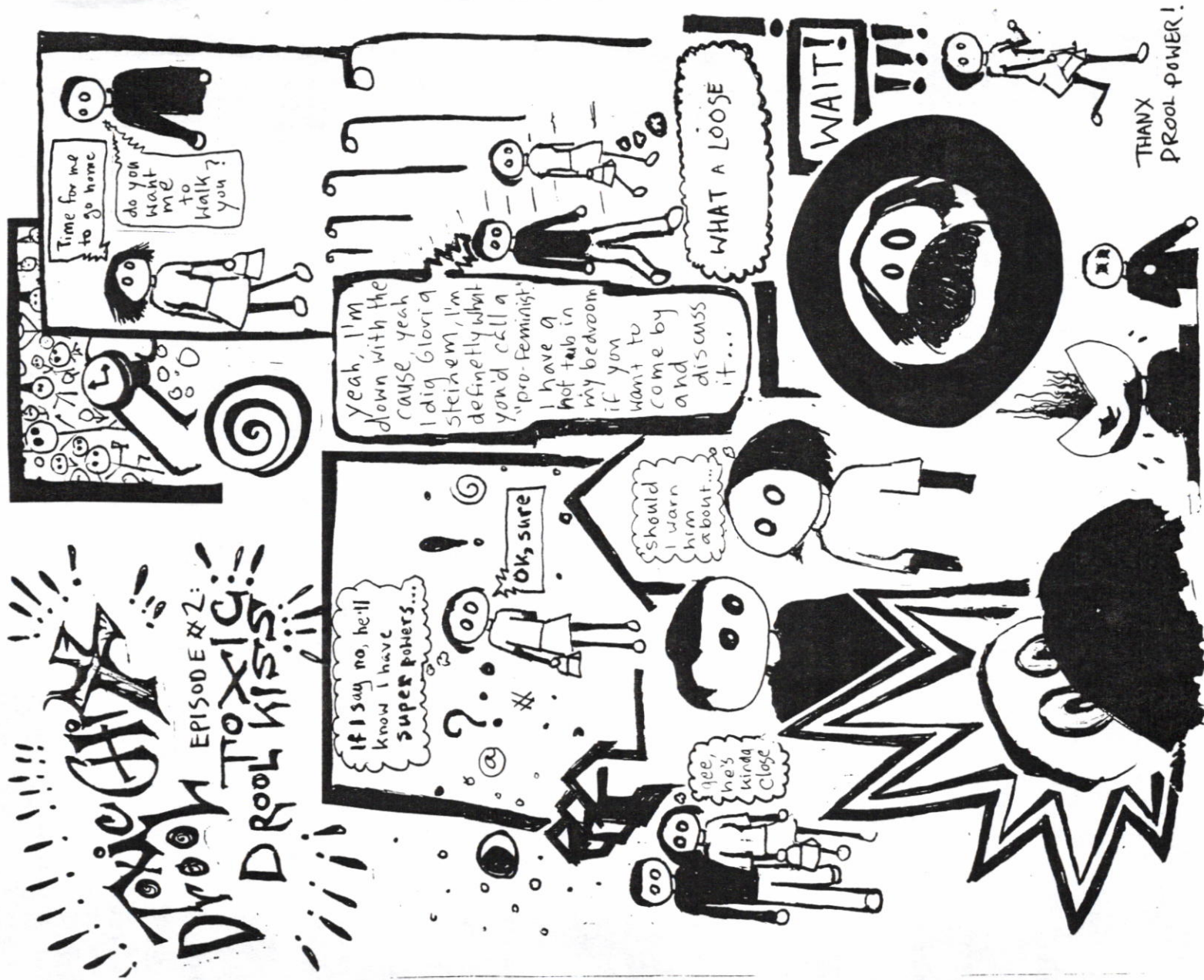
(Epitaph)
I don't have to tell you to go out there and pick this up because you already have it, right? Yep, it's good. I wouldn't call it the best album they ever did but it's none the less a necessity, with a good number of their usual girl songs as well as a mix of new classic fast and technical tunes, this has the potential of pleasing everyone. It's got Jeremy's golden seal of approval too!

Wynona Riders
J.D. Salinger

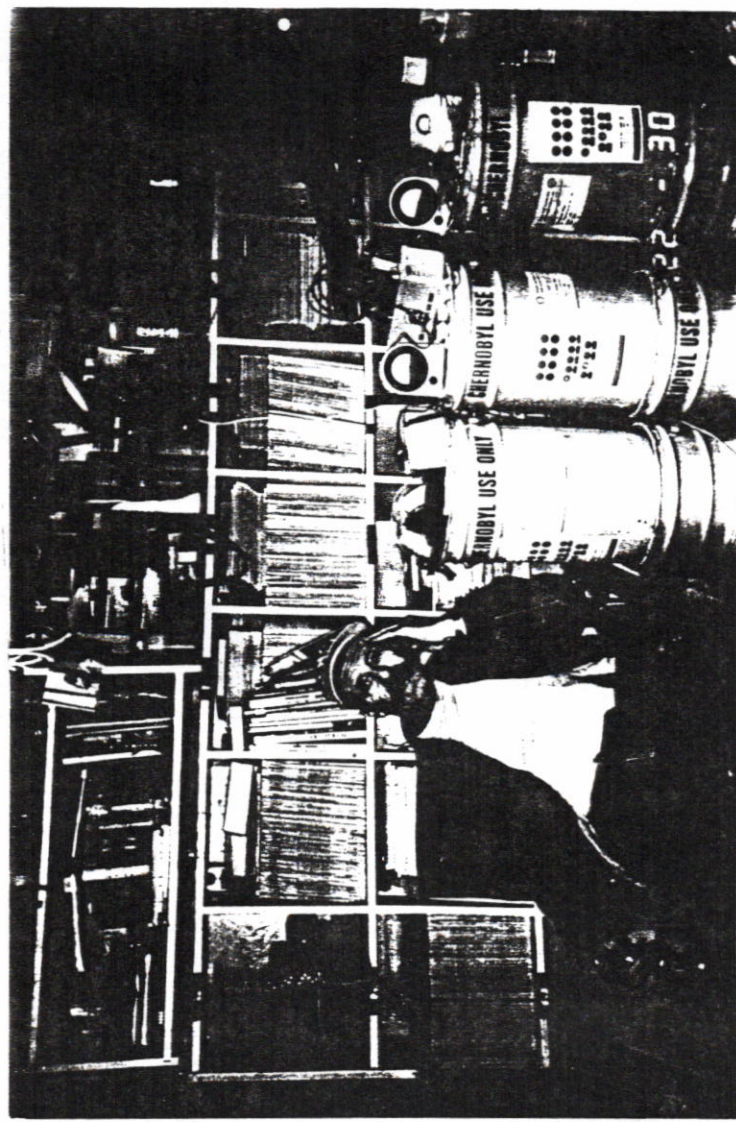


PO BOX 11314
BERKELEY, CA
94712 USA

Toxic Art Drool EPISODE #2: TOXIC DROOL KISSES



Officials had Willie's equipment appraised, then held it for ransom. "I went on to Chernobyl with only paper masks and a Geiger counter."



The story of Chernobyl didn't end in 1986; radio nuclides continue to leak from the decaying reactor, and as the sarcophagus designed to contain the structure threatens to collapse, a second accident far worse than the first is possible. The accident at Chernobyl was caused by bureaucratic pressure, lives were lost due to denial of the danger at hand, and attempts to prevent further damage have been foiled by bureaucratic meddling. All these causes are still operative. Despite this challenge, and accusations of quackery, Willie Nelson continues to work on his plan to save the day with wax.

Support Your Local Eccentric-Artist Turned Scientist!



The subliminal
roman.
your fear of
fat bodies
and smells.
My fear of
knives.
penetration
the swell
begins to
consume
our bodies
plastered
blistered
wasted



In my blood
faces swimming
scars forming
pours so freely
away
I DON'T WANT TO FEEL SHAME
So I will admit
the whole time we are
talking
I can see your chest
peeking over
your low hanging collar
dark swirls of sexuality
crawl against pale skin

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If I have said anything that you don't believe, and you want to challenge me, please contact me.

[Six problem - As I photograph this you'll notice my footnotes aren't here - I will make them available upon request]
It hasn't helped much. Anyway, hopefully there was something in it for you too. Some additional resources you can find are:

Movies:

Final Warning is about Chernobyl, but it can teach you a thing or two about radiation sickness (yuck!).
Silkwood An excellent film that doesn't stray too far from the facts. Warning: Cher is in it.

Books:

No Immediate Danger by Rosalie Bertell. A very long read, but there so much fact here for your rage/phobias.
Greenpeace Guide to the Nuclear Age by John May. A fast read, interesting, and an excellent reference.

my address is on the thanks page...

MAG61E

41



Looking back, I hope didn't sound like a big weenie I left so much unsaid, and at times said way too much. I didn't include a big "anti-nuke plan of action" because, other than informing myself and others, I don't really have a plan of action.

Maybe at times I sound like nothing but a fearmonger, but the truth is I'm scared to death of radiation. I've been obsessed with it since I was eleven. Eight years after the fall of the wall, I still have bombed-out nightmares. I didn't just publish these pieces to disarm pro-nuke propaganda, but also to alleviate my own fears.

I tried to push you from my mind. STOP I said, every time the image formed
BUT the cut of eyes is too sharp, bordering on inky blackness



I
 Escape
 in thoughts
 of you



there I may dwell there it is safe. I project beyond clues but staring only at the right times. Perfectly drawn into space, too perfect to behold. Tiny lips surround the mouth which spills a comforting sound and inside when words form I can see a line of teeth imagined only in sleep
STOP. Listen to the clocks ticking. Fridge humming. The sounds of daily life. I must face this life awake for once. Attentive. Asymmetric. Cal. Accepting the conditions I have set for myself

I wanted to draw a picture of you, but I didn't know how to take you apart. Word for word you are drawn of gossamer and thread, I couldn't stand to quiet you with clumsy lines of lead.

I miss you



But I don't need to hear your
voice or see your face or
touch your chest.

I need to subtract myself from the mental
other, so that I may be whole and
alive again, without these
needs imagined dragging
me down.

PAGE
entended to bleed

11 September
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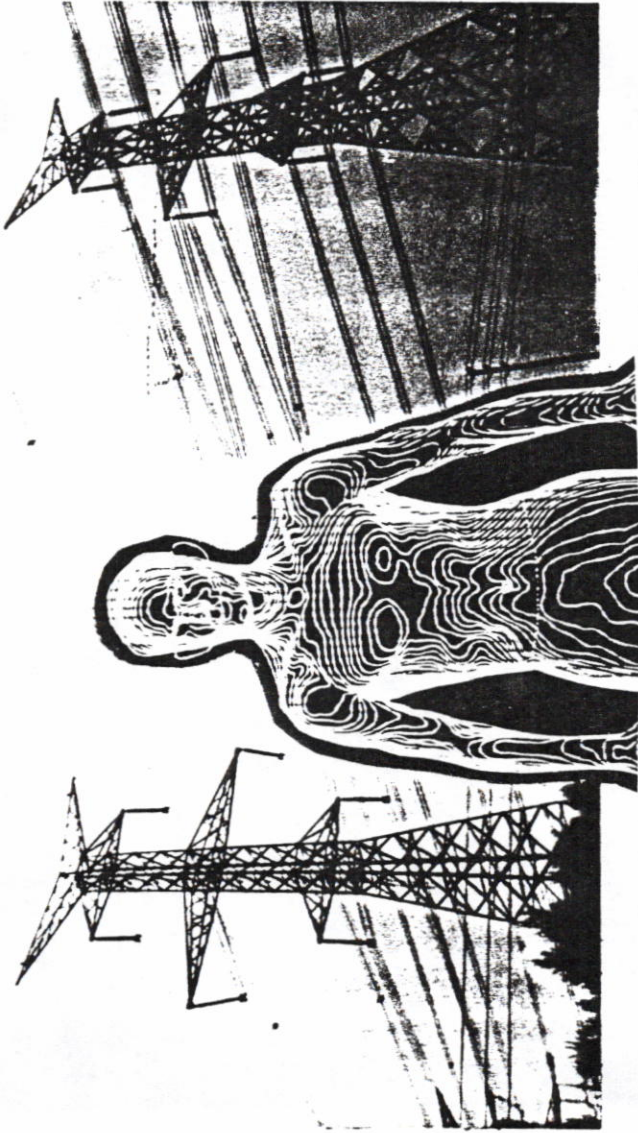


AIRMI

YOUR

MIND

When CNN says that Chernobyl is
the world's largest contamination
zone, don't buy it. Our whole planet
is scarred by radioactive pollution-
from the Arctic to the Sahara.
Governments and Corporations will
continue to fuck with our common
future as long as they can lie to
us. Arm yourself with the
truth and fight back!



The nuclear industry was once an unstoppable force in the lives of North Americans. In the 1940's and 50's, when civilians were first irradiated, the AEC and the AECB could deny anything to a public unfamiliar with the atom. When dissent developed among workers in the 1960's and early 70's the industry just had to flex its financial muscle to keep the activists at bay; but when the dangers of nuclear development grew painfully obvious, and an activist happened to die, the industry was accused of murder. Suddenly films like *Silkwood* and *The China Syndrome* were released; audiences worldwide saw Meryl Streep murdered by Kerr-McGee, and Jane Fonda nearly killed by a nuclear meltdown. The AEC and AECB are defamed by their own mistakes as the history of exploitation gradually comes to light. The cold war is over, the AECB is in debt, the AEC has been renamed: thanks to the efforts and sacrifices of journalists and activists, the radioactive shadow cast across North America is starting to recede.

But Westing House and all the rest are still building bombs, Laurence Livermore Laboratories just received another couple billion dollars to make a bigger better weapon, and every time you turn on a light, atoms split the darkness. Nuclear bombs and reactors aside, trillions of tons of waste now lie waiting in temporary storage, soon to come to a backyard near you.

bigmouth strikes again



A CROWN OF TEETH SURROUNDS THE WORDS
THAT NOW CORRODE



SO QUICKLY I FORGET HOW IT FEELS
TO BE THE VICTIM OF A VISCIOUS TONGUE





The unpopular Silkwood was transferred to another sector, where photographs were taken of plutonium fuel produced by the plant. Any faults in the welding of the fuel rods would be a great hazard, possibly causing a meltdown or explosion when used in a nuclear reactor, so if the photograph showed any faults the rods would be sent back and reassembled at a high cost. On the night of Wednesday, November 13th 1974, Silkwood told a union friend that she was carrying evidence that the photographs were being doctored, and she was going to meet with a reporter from the New York times.³¹ She left her union meeting in Crescent with the black folder containing the doctored photographic negatives. A union representative and a New York Times reporter were waiting for her in Oklahoma city. After waiting for a number of hours, the two men heard her car had been found in a culvert. **Police said she'd fallen asleep at the wheel and crashed.**

A private investigator, hired by Silkwood's union found the police report riddled with cracks and contradictions. Photographs of Karen's steering wheel revealed that **Silkwood had been gripping the wheel, her arms extended, upon impact.** If she'd been asleep the wheel would've been bent at the top and bottom, from the impact of her body, but the wheel was bent in at the side as if Karen had been trying to steer when the car hit the culvert. Pieces of another car's bumper were also found in Silkwood's back bumper;³² Silkwood had been run off the road.

News of Silkwood's suspicious death angered journalists, nuclear activists, priests, feminists, workers, and friends. In the face of great opposition the AEC claimed Silkwood had been a drug addict who contaminated herself with

plutonium to deface Kerr-McGee. A urine sample Karen had given the plant doctor, just days before her death, was contaminated with insoluble plutonium. Since the plutonium was insoluble it could not have passed through Silkwood's system; Kerr-McGee charged that Silkwood stole plutonium from her workplace and used it to contaminate her own urine sample.

The claims against Silkwood didn't stick. With her understanding of chemistry, Karen would have known the difference between insoluble and soluble plutonium. The court found Kerr-McGee guilty of contaminating Silkwood, but the company was not found guilty of murder. Despite the official verdict, the nature of her death is still debated. A mountain of evidence exists to prove that **Kerr-McGee is guilty.**³³

Karen Silkwood

1946-1974



Death Equals Silence

When the need for employment is not great enough to discourage dissidents, the nuclear industry turns to more forceful methods to keep their secrets under wraps. Silkwood was a young union member ready to take risks; when she tried to expose a cover up going on in her nuclear workplace, **she was murdered.**

Wiry, feisty and bright, Karen Gay Silkwood was born in Longview, Texas in 1946. In high school she was at the top of her class in chemistry and other sciences. After graduation she got a job as a legal clerk, but left for the higher wages offered at the Kerr McGee plutonium refinery facility in Crescent, Oklahoma. There Karen noticed many safety problems, and when a friend was accidentally irradiated on the job, ('cooked') Silkwood took action. She became active in her union, meeting with union heads and AEC reps in Washington DC, to discuss the conditions at the plant. When Karen returned to work after the trip she found there had been a leak at her station, and her friends were working with protective masks and suits. **Rumours circulated that Silkwood had purposefully contaminated the area so she could get the day off.** Fellow workers knew about her union activities, and suspected Karen would have the plant shut down; many people began to hate her.²²

...blisters covered his face, and his gums were raw with a white lacy look...like Queen Anne's lace. Then... his skin peeled away, and his gums turned fire engine red like raw beef. Ulcers spread across his body. The membranes lining his intestines eroded and he suffered bloody diarrhoea....

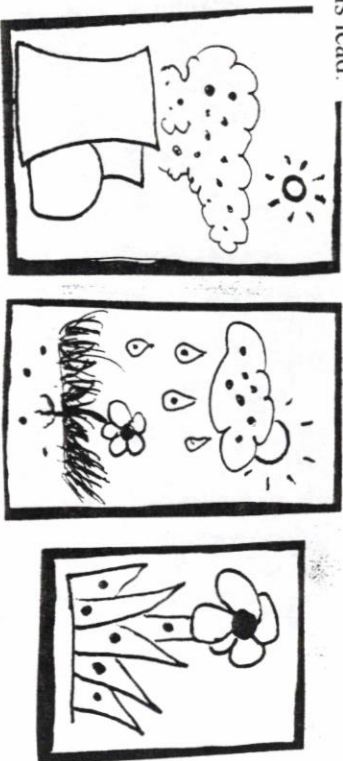
Patients at Hospital
No. 6 in Moscow,
suffering from
radiation poisoning
after Chernobyl



A spectre is haunting the earth: the spectre of ionizing radiation. Forget Communism, Capitalism, nuclear war and nuclear winter. The cold war may be over, but the threat of radioactive contamination remains and is increasing daily. In spite of official denial, the effects of radioactive contamination can no longer be swept under the carpet; the once obscure incidence of animals born with two heads, no eyes, or intestines outside the body is rising, occurring outside the barbed wire fences of Hanford and Chernobyl. The man is still splitting atoms, still building weapons- and its only a matter of time before he does it in your backyard!

Radioactive Facts

Radioactive pollution results from the use of all nuclear reactors. Nuclear energy in power plants is produced from the splitting of the atomic nucleus of atoms of uranium-235. When atoms of this substance are split, the waste substances such as plutonium (the most toxic element known) are created. The waste substances remain radioactive for thousands of years, and may be easily absorbed into the bodies of animals through the process of biomagnification: for example, when grass absorbs particles of strontium-90, when a cow eats this grass, the grass breaks down but the strontium does not. The strontium remains in the body of the cow until humans eat the cow, or drink the cow's milk. In the grass there may have been only 1 part per million (ppm) of strontium-90, but, if the cow eats 1000 blades of grass, the cow will then contain 1000 ppm of strontium-90. Depending on how much steak and dairy the human consumes over a period of time, the human may eventually contain 2000 ppm of strontium-90. Uranium, plutonium, strontium and other radioactive substances give off radiation until they have decayed into harmless elements such as lead.



Radiation can either destroy cells completely, or simply damage a cell's DNA.

When a large dose of radiation is received, (over 200 rem) radiation sickness occurs. Cells in a state of growth, such as the gastro-intestinal lining, the skin and hair are destroyed causing nausea, diarrhoea, blisters and hair loss. With a dose over 600 rem these symptoms will continue until death. Only Piotr Palarmachuk, a fireman from Chernobyl, has ever survived a dose of 780 rem without immediately succumbing to radiation sickness.¹ If the dose of radiation is relatively low, and a cell survives with rearranged DNA, mutations occur. Cancer, Down's syndrome and leukemia are among the more common effects. If an afflicted organism survives to reproduce, the effects of mutation may become more pronounced in its

creeks, lawns, beaches, and the local Catholic school.¹⁹ Many residents were outraged with the company, but just as many residents defended the town's main provider. In an interview, local activist **Pat Lawson** explained the situation:

When I was involved in the early years, I was really an enemy of the people... because I was speaking out about the environmental problems caused by the industry, and a person shouldn't do that because of the jobs, and because of the grant that was given to town council. Merchants and people in town put up big signs like 'we support Eldorado.' **It was politically and commercially inappropriate to speak out against the company.**²⁰

In the 1970's the town was divided on the issue, but as time progressed the suffering reached out beyond lawns and gardens. Local activists believed cases of Downs Syndrome and cancer were related to the dumping, and more residents began to agree.

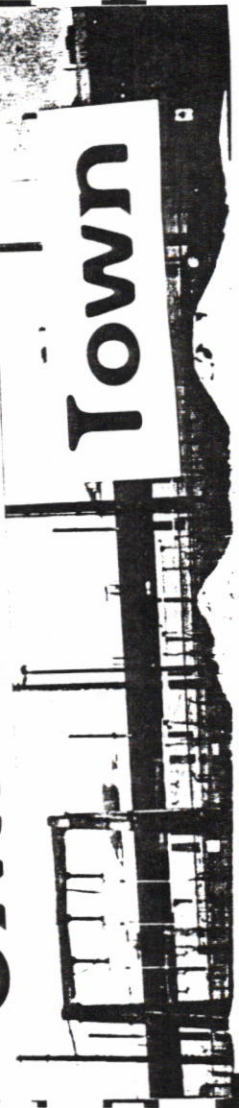
Currently, the people of Port Hope are seeking funding from the AECB to conduct a scientific, unbiased, health study of the region. Meanwhile, the recently privatized Eldorado plant continues to dump hazardous wastes on the town. As a solution to the waste build up problem, the AECB offered to inquire about relocating wastes to **Deep River, Ontario**. Deep River is a nuclear town whose situation is similar to Port Hope's, as long as the people are employed by the AECB, the AECB will dump nuclear waste on their property.²¹

fuck the nuclear power make it known just this once that people aren't toys/caused a disaster, cause a fucking noise/atomic power is just another of their ploys ^{Writers =} ^{CLAS} 39

build your own death

said former miner, Raymond Joe.¹⁸ Although the conditions for Navajo workers were abominable, their plight is common to many nuclear workers. Poverty makes people vulnerable to exploitation, and for long-exploited races like the Navajo, discrimination lies at the root of poverty. Kerr-McGee and Eldorado have limitless power as long as they maintain complete control of small town economies.

Ontario's Hottest



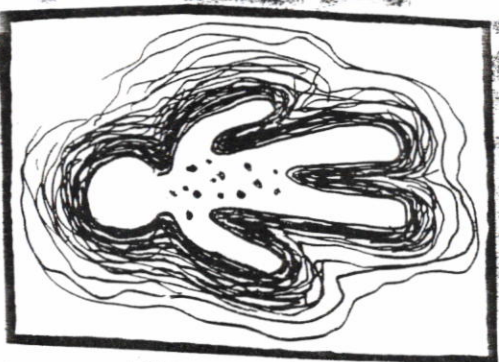
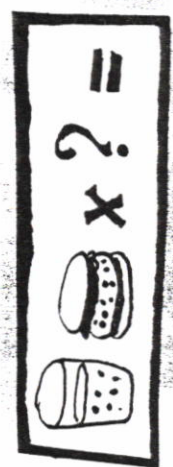
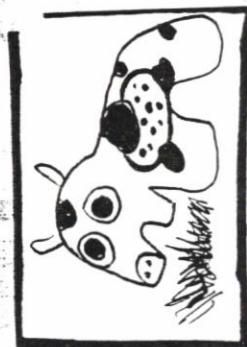
Eldorado has been in **Port Hope** since 1933. The tiny lake Ontario town blossomed with the establishment of North America's first radium refinery. Radium was produced for medicinal properties, and at the time the metal was rare, carrying a 20,000 dollar per gram price tag. When the rush to build the A-bomb began, Port Hope started producing refined uranium oxide. To leach the metal from its ore a multitude of chemicals are used, arsenic and fluorine among them. The tonnes of radioactive and chemical waste produced were buried in nearby fields, used as filler in construction projects, dumped into ravines and washed into Lake Ontario.

Other refineries eventually opened up in the US, but Port Hope has always been North America's largest producer of refined uranium and accompanying waste. The wastes built up without notice until 1975, then a number of people saw their surroundings deteriorate. Norm Strong lived across the creek from a local Catholic school built with filler from Eldorado; he saw large patches of grass dying, and his garden failed to grow. Representatives from the AECEB came to Port Hope with Geiger counters, finding high levels of radioactivity in

ore/make it snow

offspring. The effects of exposure to ionizing radiation are magnified by time. Out of 796 British servicemen exposed to radiation from atomic bomb tests in Monto Bello, Australia, in the 1950's, 60 reported offspring who were born with disabilities. Among the deformed were:

- a girl born with **hole in stomach** and suffering from Bell's Palsy...
- Boy born with gross deformity of the feet: both were reversed, with **toes pointing backwards**...
- Boy and girl [siblings] each **born with extra fingers**...
- Girl...lost all hair at the age of 3...[she] also suffered from Crohn's disease..., and a daughter whose **milk teeth**, lacking enamel, looked like "black spikes".



Although many health problems were evident in the offspring of men exposed, the British Ministry of Defence "remains confident that radiation from the tests had no measurable affects on the health of those who were present."³ The ministry made no mention of the true victims: successive generations.

Lies! Lies! The Government is Lying!

such a minute quantity of radiation can damage a cell, that the exact cause of a cancer is impossible to prove, especially in the eyes of the state. Although the possibility of contracting cancer from a minute dose of radiation is slim, the possibility still exists:

You...could wake up tomorrow, walk out onto the street, and inhale an atom of plutonium released at Chernobyl. That plutonium atom could rest in your lungs until the year 2000 and then emit an alpha particle, damaging the cell in which it resides....If [the] genes are damaged the result may be uncontrolled cell division. In some circumstances the result...is cancer. Cancers caused by radioactive atoms can take decades to develop. One speck of plutonium, one damaged cell, and any of one of us could die.

Dr. Robert Peter Gale

In North America, the cold war drove the nuclear industry to new heights. Uranium mines, refineries, plutonium production reactors and weapons factories sprang up all across the continent. In Canada, the Atomic Energy Control Board was established to regulate mines and refineries; in the united states the Atomic Energy Commission was established to regulate both uranium production, the manufacture of weapons, and the testing of these weapons. These offices also promoted atomic energy as a safe, efficient means of generating electricity, by building civilian nuclear reactors. The AECB and the AEC were given both the responsibility of promoting the industry and of ensuring the safety of atomic energy. These government organisations decided to focus on the more profitable aspect of their powers: proliferation- giving little consideration to expensive safety regulations and health studies.

Bleeding the Navajo

Miners in the USA also worked in conditions that fell far below international standards, and their paychecks were much smaller. In the cold war uranium rush, rich veins of pitchblende ore were discovered on mid-west Indian reservations: locations conveniently filled with an isolated minority people. From 1948 to the early 70's the mines were the only source of employment available to impoverished Navajo. On Four Corners reservation, where Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona meet, the Kerr-McGee corporation only paid the men 75 cents an hour. No paper masks or ventilation systems were provided, and many workers went home spitting blood. Lung cancer, a disease previously unknown in Navajo populations, plagued their communities.



The AEC refused to change the working conditions in the mines, claiming responsibility for the handling of uranium after its removal from the mines, not for the mining process. The Kerr-McGee company continued to profit from the use of cheap labour, and left the miners to suffer. The original contract didn't even mention uranium; the men were told they were mining copper. On remote reservations few Navajo knew what radiation was.

When competition from Canada forced the mines to close no clean up operations ensued. Every time the wind blows over the abandoned shafts, radioactive dust is scattered on the villages below. A number of village leaders and former workers feel they are the victims of racial discrimination. "A white foreman would give us the order to go down. We had no protection like masks or anything, just a helmet,"

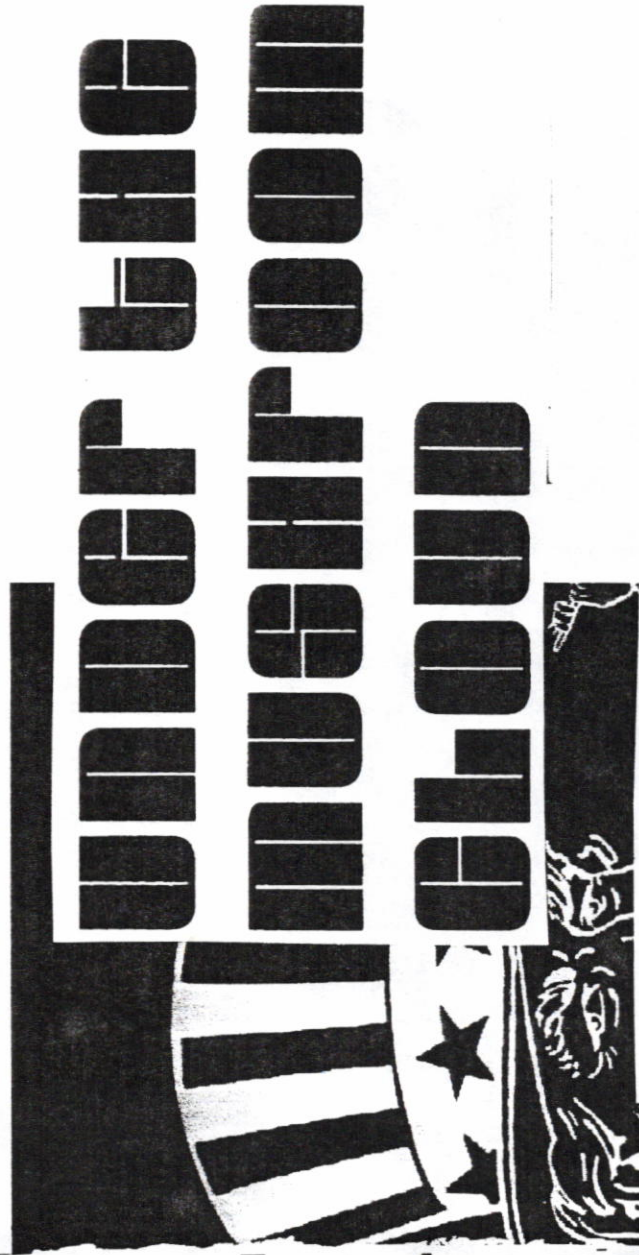
er you?/the new great

CONTAMINATED POWER
 has caused a disturbance, don't
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 on Or Your Life

about you build your own de
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When uranium mines were first established, long before the atomic age, mine owners could claim ignorance in the face of lung cancer epidemics. As evidence mounted to prove the ailments were caused by the mines, officials tried to use the traditional tactics of misinformation and denial, but since uranium mining wasn't a matter of national security, records could not be destroyed and secrets could not be kept with threats of treason or court marshals. The policy applied to workers at the pre-weapons stage of nuclear industry was economic pressure.

In Uranium City, Saskatchewan, mining was the best job in town through the 1940's and 50's. Despite frequent accidents and harsh working conditions, the Eldorado mine offered excellent employment opportunities. In 1956 Eddy MacDonald was struck by a hammer dropped from the mineshaft above. The hammer punctured his brain, and MacDonald was paralysed; another man had the top of his skull sliced off. (Eddie, my grandfather, also suffered from lung cancer, and was once crushed in a mine elevator- no kidding.) Every week brought fresh personal disasters, but in the feverish race for profit that characterizes boomtowns, no one paused to insist on safety measures. When America's competition to maintain military ascendancy drove the mining industry in Canada's north, achievement bonuses silenced safety concerns.



America's Atomic Energy Commission worked along with government to develop a nuclear arsenal, and a site in the Pacific Marshall Islands was chosen for the testing of nuclear weapons. In 1946 the people of Bikini Atoll were forced to move "for the good of humanity," no other explanation was offered. The initial testing period was brief, and the evacuees waited anxiously to return home.

In an AEC document published in the early 60's, Bikini Island was said to have recovered quickly from the massive explosions. A number of Islanders were allowed to return in 1973. The level of radiation in their bodies skyrocketed immediately; at first they were advised to intake imported food and water only, and eventually they were forced to evacuate again.

People living on islands over 100 miles from Bikini were doused with radioactive fallout from the tests. The genetic defects in their populations include an astonishing array of birth defects; "many women in the Marshalls have described their babies as 'a bunch of grapes... or a jellyfish baby... the heart beats for 2 to 12 hours and then they die.'" Of course, an American doctor assured reporters that "We've never found any plutonium... in the islanders systems, you know. The only thing that ever shows up is K-40 (potassium), and we all have that in our bodies," and if there is no abnormal radiation present, any abnormalities cannot be caused by radiation. Anjan, an interpreter, later told the reporters "the Americans always lie like that."

The people of North America knew little about the existence of the remote Marshall colony, let alone the details of its situation, but the Bikini experience would soon be paralleled in the American Midwest. When the Soviets exploded their own nuclear device in 1949, the American nuclear program was thrust into overdrive. It was decided, in the midst of the Korean war (1950-52), as a matter of national security, that it was necessary to have a test site on the continental United

States. Truman's administration designated a remote region of the state of Nevada as an optimum proving ground for atomic bombs.

A-bomb tests started in Nevada in 1951. An original AEC publication states the sites were "far removed from human habitation," while in actuality the sites encompassed Navajo, Shoshone, and Paiute territory, as well as flourishing Mormon towns. The Mormon religion discouraged opposition to government, and Native Americans bore no significance in the eyes of politicians; the AEC had no trouble moving into the area. Not only did the test sites provide wages, but tourism boomed too. AEC representatives and filmstrips encouraged people to watch the awesome site of the exploding A-bombs, trying to assure the public that the tests were safe.

To practise for nuclear war, soldiers would lie in trenches, some less than 4000 metres from ground zero, to watch the mushroom clouds rise above their heads. The men would then march straight through ground zero before returning to base. These exercises were promoted as a service to humanity, but the men were nothing more than guinea pigs. Veterans who later developed peculiar gastric symptoms and cancers were told that their records had been destroyed in a fire, and no proof of their service existed; furthermore, the doses received by test site soldiers never exceeded "permissible levels," so their symptoms could not be related to their exposure.¹¹

Grace Swartzbaugh's husband worked at the Nevada test site from the early 50s to 1968. He suffered from exposure to radiation, and had to have a cancer removed in 1958. By 1968 Mr. Swartzbaugh's health had deteriorated to the point where he required hospitalization. Exploratory surgery found that "his whole insides looked like the inside of a tree- just solid. And it just looked like rings around his organs... There was nothing they could do for him."¹² Days after his death, men in uniform arrived at the door of his family home and informed his wife that the deceased possessed top secret documents that had to be destroyed. After the men left, his wife found all of their records were gone, along with personal papers. When Grace inquired about the amount of radiation her husband had received, she was informed that he had never been employed by the AEC.

A group of victims and family members assembled in the courts to plea for compensation. The original trial denied all allegations against government, military and AEC. As time passed and genetic defects appeared, the cause grew increasingly hard to deny. Citing a 50% increase in malignant tumours in the years following the tests, Federal court Judge Bruce Jenkins awarded 2.66 million dollars to a small number of claimants in 1984. Each year more cases have met with success in the courts. But for many all is lost, and with proof destroyed, there is no chance for compensation.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WAS QUOTED SAYING "KEEP THE PUBLIC CONFUSED" TO GAIN ACCEPTANCE OF THE NEVADA TESTS."

With government cooperation the AEC was able to deny basic information to the public for 'security reasons'. The people living near the test sites, and even a number of test site workers, were never warned about upcoming tests. While St. George, Nevada residents stood out admiring the mushroom surprise, high ranking Eastman Kodak officials 2000 miles away received fallout forecasts for the great lakes region. Film and paper produced by the corporation would be exposed by the radiation and net profits would drop, so out of consideration the AEC sent Eastman Kodak "top secret" test times and predicted fallout distribution.¹³ The people living directly under the clouds were told nothing, other than the fact that radiation may be beneficial."

Creative information management on the part of AEC officials enabled them to simulate a nuclear war complete with military and civilian participants. Although World War III never happened, a gruesome experiment has demonstrated the extent of immediate and delayed genetic casualties that would have resulted. When the experiment was over, more than 5000 American soldiers, upwards of 1000 Canadian soldiers, and countless bystanders were told no proof existed to back up their claims of radiation related injury. President Eisenhower had been quoted saying "Keep the public confused" to gain acceptance of the Nevada tests.¹⁵

The policy of denial was successful at first, but it would not stand the test of time...